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"From the 'Red, White and Blue.'"  
**True Freedom.**

BY GRACE LEE.

'Guardians of a nation's weal  
Lest we bend to Thee,  
With thou listen—break our chains,  
Make us truly free!

Free from pride, the people's curse!  
Lest the nation's know  
We are great, but let us feel  
That we are made to be so.

Free from sinners as well!  
We are rich; the mine  
From which comes boundless store,  
Is a gift of Time.

Free from falsehood, for its breath  
Blights age or youth,  
Lest we ever look to Thee,  
Very faint of truth.

Free from every ill or sin  
That pollutes the soul,  
Lest the darker passions stir  
Our weak nature's roll.

Else the heritage our sires  
Won for us is vain,  
Else we must be slaves, or win  
A victory again!  
HARRISON, May, 1859.

**The American Flag torn down by a  
British Subject and trampled upon by  
Black Republicans!**

At the Black Carnival at Cleveland the  
other day, an American Flag—the glorious  
Stars and Stripes—was hoisted in proce-  
sion, but was immediately torn down and  
trampled in the dust by a British Subject who  
had come over from Canada, to aid the  
Black Republicans in their treasonable op-  
position to the Laws of the United States.

"Gude! shall a Roman State long de-  
bate." What are we coming to! When  
will this treason end! Oh! what a shame  
to the City of Cleveland—to American soil,  
and to the American name. Would that  
Canadians have dared to do such a thing in a  
Democratic procession! No Sir! he would  
have been nailed to the earth with the  
flag-staff, had he breathed such Treason.—  
But he was in a Republican, Opposition pro-  
cession, composed of Free Negroes, Red  
Republicans, Black Republicans, and op-  
ponents of Democracy. Here he was sus-  
tained in his insult to every true American  
heart, by the support and countenance of  
one thousand Black Republican Negroes,  
and two thousand Black Republican  
Whites. He was doing nothing more  
than what Governor Chase and Giddings  
had advised—resistance and insult to the  
Federal Government.—[Circleville Watch-  
man.]

☞ The death of Humboldt will be a severe  
blow to the King, who has always been at-  
tached to him, and great caution will have  
to be observed in breaking it to the un-  
fortunate Prince, whose mind is so exacer-  
bated that the slightest agitation is sufficient  
to upset him.

**THE LAST WORDS OF HUMBOLDT.**—The  
sun shone brilliantly into the room where  
Humboldt died, and it is reported that his  
last words addressed to his niece, were:  
'Wie herrlich diese Strahlen! sie scheinen  
die Erde zum Himmel zu führen!' "How grand  
these rays; they seem to beckon Earth to  
Heaven."

☞ Reader, did you ever enjoy the ec-  
static bliss of courting? If you did not, then  
you had better get a little gal-an-try.

Dispatches to the Cincinnati Gazette.

About the Plan of the Campaign.

New York, June 6.

The special correspondent of the Lon-  
don News writes:

The French papers will tell you that they  
have but 80,000 or 100,000 men in Piedmont,  
but you must recollect that these are offi-  
cial figures, given out by the army, and in-  
tended for the ears of the Austrians. By  
the last telegraphic dispatch from head-  
quarters, dated last evening at 5 o'clock, at  
Alessandria, we learn that the Emperor has  
finished, or nearly finished, placing his army  
in a position to take the offensive, while  
from other sources we learn that it is the  
intention to march straight at the Austrian  
lines, in the direction of Milan, by the way  
of Pavia. If this is the plan of the cam-  
paign—and it seems the most probable one—  
you may rely upon it that the French army  
is not limited by the above figures. The  
French officers talk of sleeping in Milan be-  
fore the end of the month, and to do this  
they must have an overpowering army, that  
will be able to march almost in a straight  
line, through all obstacles.

We have reason to believe that the French  
army is overpowering in numbers, and that  
the heart of its officers is not improbable.  
There is no reason to believe that Napoleon  
III. has found any better mode of expres-  
sing the true strength of an army than that  
adopted by his uncle, that the Bon Dieu is  
always with the biggest battalions. The  
new rifled French cannon made their debut  
in a smart encounter at Valenza, where an  
Austrian corps kept up out of artillery  
range, as they thought, were utterly con-  
founded by a volley sent into the midst  
of them from a distance of seven thousand  
metres, (about 28,000 feet,) dismounting  
their guns and causing an immense destruc-  
tion of men.

THE NEW YORK PRESS ON THE FIRST BATTLE.  
BALTIMORE, June 6.—The Herald, of this  
morning, referring to news of the first battle  
in Northern Italy, received by the Washing-  
ton, says:

The first battle is at last fought between  
the French and Austrians in Italy. The first  
struggle took place and was won by  
Napoleon III., at Montebello, where the  
French, under Napoleon I., defeated the  
Austrians fifty-nine years ago, just after he  
had crossed the Alps; and what is worthy  
of remark, neither of the Napoleons was at  
the battle, but in the vicinity. It is a curi-  
ous historical coincidence, that the battle of  
Montebello was the first fought by the troops  
of Napoleon I., after crossing the Great  
St. Bernard, in 1800. It was one of the  
bloodiest and fiercest ever fought. In the  
disparity of numbers the resemblance is al-  
so remarkable. Napoleon I. had then only  
16,000 men, two-thirds of whom were new  
soldiers, who had never seen a shot fired,  
and with these he was to arrest the desper-  
ate march of an army of 120,000 veteran  
Austrians.

**News from Europe.**

[Dispatches to the Cincinnati Commercial.]  
NEW YORK, June 14.—The interest in  
the accounts brought by the Fulton, center  
largely in the movements of Garibaldi, the  
bold Guerrilla chief.

A correspondent of the London News, writ-  
ing from Alessandria May 28th, says:

The official documents I inspected a few  
days ago, at Verceil, enable me to state that  
the amount of requisitions made by Austrian  
Generals and commissars, in that province,  
is not far short of 3,000,000 francs.

**GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS.**

Since I wrote you, Garibaldi has really  
done wonders. After having twice beaten  
the Austrian General, Urban, at Varis, he  
routed him this morning on the road of St.  
Fermo, near the Comolita, a few miles from  
Como. This town has been already occu-  
pied by his men, and all the mountain pro-  
vinces of the famous Lake, together with the  
Tiemesso and Varizatto district, have an-  
swered to the appeal of Count Vicenti Min-  
osta, the Extraordinary Commissioner of Vic-  
tor Emanuel.

Garibaldi's Caecaton della Alps scarcely  
fired their muskets, being much inferior in  
their range to those of the Croatt. After  
the first discharge, they assaulted the enemy  
a la bayonet, forcing the positions one after  
the other.

The Messenger de Paris publishes the fol-  
lowing on the 25th of May:

After a fierce contest Garibaldi repulsed  
the Austrians and entered Como, not fur-

ther than eighteen or twenty miles from  
Milan. This is of the highest importance,  
and Garibaldi's splendid feat of arms will be  
a signal for the rising of the Lombard pro-  
vince.

To comprehend the full value of this news,  
it is indispensably requisite to make known  
the position taken up by the celebrated hero,  
after defeat by the Austrians at Maerata,  
and Garibaldi's entrance into Varese; it is  
known they withdrew to Como, and to reach  
this town, Garibaldi had to overcome the en-  
emy as well as natural obstacles on the road  
from Brilla to Chiasso. Garibaldi was ob-  
liged to take a most arduous mountain road.  
He could neither support himself on the right  
or the left on one side lay the Swiss terri-  
tory, whose neutrality he wished to respect;  
on the other he was hemmed in by Lakes.

In front of Chiasso there is a funnel-  
shaped tongue of land, he was obliged to  
cross. The level ground is so narrow be-  
tween the mountain wall and the Lake of  
Como, that the road becomes a mere path,  
and at the end of the pass stood the Aus-  
trians, to bar his further progress. Here it  
was that they had collected forces to stop  
Garibaldi on his march, as at Mezzate.  
The Chasseurs of the Alps beat the enemy  
and forced the passage, and very soon en-  
tered Como, and the Austrians fled before  
them. At this moment, Garibaldi, master  
of Como, is in a position to scour the whole  
district of Bocanazzi, and march either to the  
center of Lombardy, or into the Valtellina,  
and advance on Bergamo and Brescia, both  
provinces most decided and patriotic in the  
Italian cause.

**GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION TO THE LOM-  
BARDS.**

The following proclamation was issued  
by Garibaldi on entering Lombardy:

Lombards! you are called to a new life,  
and you will respond to the appeal as your  
fathers did of yore at Ponside and Legnano.  
The enemy is the same as ever, pitiless as  
a block, an assassin and a robber. Your  
brothers of every province have sworn to  
co-operate, or die with you. It is our task to  
avenge the insults, the outrages and the ser-  
vitude of twenty generations. It is for us  
to give to our children a patrimony freed  
from the pollution of a foreign domination.  
Victor Emanuel, chosen by the national will  
for our supreme chief, sends to organize you  
for this patriotic fight. I deeply feel the  
sanctity of this mission, and I am bound to  
command you to arms. Our bondage must  
cease. He who can seize an arm, and does  
not, is a traitor. Italy, with her children  
united and freed from foreign domination,  
will know how to re-conquer the rank which  
Providence has assigned her among nations.

**GARIBALDI.**  
THE POSITION OF THE HOSTILE ARMIES IN  
ITALY.

The Paris correspondent of the New  
York Commercial Advertiser, writes on May  
31st:

It will be perceived that the allied army  
is advancing upon and surrounding the cap-  
ital of Lombardy in the form of a horse shoe.  
The Austrians are in the hollow of this  
curved line, with both the wings of their  
army outflanked by the allies. The position  
gives the latter an immense advantage,  
but the principal blow, unless the Austrians  
should retreat, must be struck by the two  
Monarchs on the center, somewhere in the  
neighborhood of Mortara and Novara. It is  
evidently here that the Austrians are to be  
found in largest numbers.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—No business will be  
done in Parliament until after the delivery of  
the Queen's speech, which will be on the  
7th instant.

In the Derby races, the stakes were won  
by Sir Joseph Hawley's Musjid. The value  
of the stakes was nearly £7,000, and it is  
rumored that Sir Joseph wins £100,000  
more on bets.

It is stated that the prospectus of a new  
company will be issued in a few days for  
laying a telegraphic cable from Cornwall to  
Canada. The proposed capital is £500,000  
sterling.

A great explosion of saltpetre occurred  
on board the troopship Eastern Monarch,  
from Kurrachee, while she was anchored  
off Spit-head, with 500 return soldiers and  
families on board. The ship was speedily  
enveloped in flames, but through the prompt  
action of her officers and crew all but seven  
persons were saved. Five out of the seven  
lost were children, who were killed by the  
explosion.

For the Jasper Courier.

**The four Seasons.**

BY WILLIAM M. MEDCALF.

Spring is the farmer's time to plow—  
The time he takes, to plant his corn:  
But many let the spring months pass,  
So they must beg, or starve at last.

Then let me watch the spring of life,  
And there have spread, that precious  
seed,  
That will spring up, and soon get ripe—  
So I can have a crop to reap.

Summer is here—the workman cries  
Let us be out, he speaks to one  
Who always has been near his side  
In all the labor he has done.

Thus comes the christian's work time on;  
When he begins to sing and pray,  
And say to those, who are undone,  
Come to Christ, "who is the way."

'Tis autumn now that comes along,  
And brings with it a rich supply  
From off the farm, the good man long  
Had seen his corn, his wheat, and rye.

Thus comes the christian's harvest on;  
When he can reap a rich reward,  
For all the labor he has done  
During the summer of the war.

The winter hours come fleeting on;  
The farmer now is close at home:  
He feeds his stock, from out his barn,  
Has wheat to sell, and corn to loan.

The winter—storms of life arise,  
And chill the christian's mortal frame:  
But ah! he has a sure retreat;  
God has promised, who never lies.  
ELIZABETH, June, 1859.

**Movements of the French Emperor.**

The Moniteur contains the following tele-  
gram:

ALESSANDRIA, Friday, May 20—9 P. M.  
—At four o'clock this morning the Emperor  
left for Casale, where King Victor Emanuel  
was waiting for him. The two sovereigns  
visited together the fortifications and the ad-  
vanced posts. At 9 o'clock the Emperor re-  
turned to Alessandria. In the afternoon,  
his Majesty visited in detail the field of the  
battle of Marenco. This great activity  
keeps up the strength and health of the Em-  
peror, and strengthens the bonds of sym-  
pathy which have long united the chief  
of the army to his soldiers. The health of the  
army is perfectly satisfactory.

The Moniteur also publishes the follow-  
ing:

On Monday morning, the 16th, at 12  
o'clock, the Emperor went on horseback,  
accompanied by the Major General, and  
several persons attached to his household,  
to make a military reconnaissance. His Ma-  
jesty first went to the citadel of Alessan-  
dria, which he visited in all its details.  
This fortress, built in 1728, by Victor Ame-  
des II., is one of the strongest places in Eu-  
rope. It is a regular hexagon, with bastioned  
fronts. It is defended by several detached  
works, and is separated from the city by a  
bridge 200 metres long, with parapets right  
and left.

A letter from Valenza of the 18th, in the  
Salut Public of Lyons, says:

"I was yesterday at a cafe with the of-  
ficers of the thirtieth at the gate of the Al-  
bergo, when a loud cry of 'Viva l'Empe-  
reur!' arose. It was the Emperor, who had  
arrived unexpectedly on horseback in gen-  
eral's uniform, with a kepi, and escorted by  
only a few officers. In a few minutes the  
whole population was on foot, the streets  
were decked with flags, and drums were beat-  
en to collect the troops. His Majesty pro-  
ceeded slowly by the street which leads to  
an eminence from which the naked eye can  
see the vast plains of the Po and the Lo-  
mellina. The position being within reach  
of cannon, was not without danger. I had  
the honor of approaching the Emperor, who,  
bending down on his horse's neck, asked  
me if I was French. I replied that I was  
a journalist, who had ventured to the ad-  
vanced posts. He smiled, and questioned  
me on the position of the Austrians. I  
showed him detachments of their troops on  
the banks of the river, the village Frechero-  
lo, and in the horizon Mortara, their head-  
quarters. His Majesty, by means of his  
glass, could see an Austrian soldier on the  
watch in the belfry of the church of Fre-  
cherolo, and even distinguished the hour by

the clock. On the left is the railway bridge,  
of which the enemy has blown up two  
Arches, and which he guards with 200 or  
300 men. The shako of the sentinels on  
the banks of the river could be distinguished  
here and there. The Emperor then con-  
versed with some of the Italians—his Ma-  
jesty speaks pure Toscan, and with a facili-  
ty which surprised his hearers. After an  
inspection, which lasted about twenty min-  
utes, the Emperor turned to leave. As he  
did so, the troops, who were drawn up in  
line, waved their shakos on their bayonets,  
and cried out a thousand times, 'Viva l'Em-  
pereur!' An old Italian patriot, who had  
been in exile since 1849, approached, and  
cried out, with tears streaming down his face,  
'Viva Napoleon, il Salvatore della Italia!'  
The Emperor seemed affected, and saluted  
him kindly. At that moment the Empe-  
ror's eye met mine, and in the emotion of  
the moment I ventured to hold out my  
hand. His majesty deigned with a smile to  
grasp it. That is an incident which I shall  
never forget as long as I live. The emperor  
then left by the gate of Alessandria."

**ORGANIZATION OF THE ALLIED ARMY.**

"The general command of the two armies,"  
says the Nord, "is admirably organized.  
General orders, clear and precise, evidently  
supervised by the Emperor Napoleon, keep  
the chiefs of the corps d'armee informed of  
all that passes, and of the movements that  
are to be executed. King Victor Emanuel  
has placed himself and his army under the  
Emperor's orders, as a simple commander of  
a corps d'armee. The orders from the army  
bear this formula, full of military simplicity,  
and showing the intimacy of the relations  
between the two sovereigns, the two armies  
and the two nations: 'The King and the  
corps d'armee will conform to the following  
regulations:'"

"The Emperor of the French," says a  
correspondent of the Salut Public of Lyons,  
"has just given King Victor Emanuel a proof  
of his esteem, by confiding to his command  
a corps of the French army, which will form  
the left wing, the Emperor himself com-  
manding the right."

The Independance Belge has the following.

"Every evening the King of Sardinia and  
the commanders of the various corps d'armee  
have to send to the Emperor a succinct re-  
port containing an account of the number of  
men present under arms in each division, of  
any important event that may have taken  
place during the day, and everything that  
can be learnt as to the movements of the en-  
emy. Every day, half an hour before sun-  
rise, the troops have to get under arms, as if  
they were about to be attacked, and as soon as  
day breaks and it is certain that the enemy  
are not about to make any offensive move-  
ment, they are allowed to return to their  
bivouacs. At this hour, also, the King and  
the different Generals send information to  
the Emperor. The Generals exercise the  
utmost vigilance in seeing that no officer  
has a greater quantity of baggage than ne-  
cessary. No one whatever is allowed to  
have a special tent. The officers and a lodg-  
ing for themselves in the houses near their  
troops, and, if the troops have to camp many  
days far away from any habitation, tents  
are supplied by the Quartermaster-General.

The letters from Genoa speak of the ar-  
rival in that town of several Hungarian  
Generals and Colonels, among them the  
celebrated Klapka, and other chiefs of the  
insurrection of 1849. In the present posi-  
tion of affairs the union of these person-  
ages round Prince Napoleon has created a  
lively sensation. It is a curious commentary  
on the remarkable phrase which occurred in  
the proclamation of the Prince, "Our eter-  
nal enemies."

☞ "Pa, didn't I hear you say you wan-  
ted a cider-press?"

"Yes, daughter, where can I get one?"

"Why, you try Zeke Stokes; he hugged  
me the other evening at the party, and I tell  
you he made me grunt for something."

**NEWTON SHORT GINGERBREAD.**—Eight  
cups of flour, three of sugar, one of ginger,  
one of butter, six eggs, one tea-spoonful of  
soda.

☞ Twelve births in the ladies' cabin!  
said Mrs. Partington. What a squalling  
there must have been.

☞ Although one swallow cannot make  
a summer, a pin maliciously inserted in a  
chair will make one spring.